

The 12 Forgotten Letters of Pogtopia

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The 12 Forgotten Letters of Pogtopia

by [Aria_Cinabun](#)

Summary

A collection of letters gathered by the Pogtopia Restoration Team from the children of the Red Planet over the years, before, and even during, the Red Planet's Genocide.

(YOU MUST HAVE READ THE CHILDREN'S REBELLION TO UNDERSTAND THIS FIC)

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

intro.

When the Galactic Rebellion studied the remains of Pogtopia, twelve letters were found amongst the ashes that never reached their intended recipients. They stretched over the course of six years, with the final two having been written during the events of the Red Planet's Genocide. These letters, scanned and restored by Pogtopia's Restoration team, were combined with the data knowledge inside Pogtopia's school's databanks. All twelve children who wrote the letters, all of whom are deceased, were identified. Copies of these letters were sent to the intended recipients.

This collection is by no means a way to lighten the horrific events that took place from the ninth of Everharst to the fourteenth of Pieloco, 97622. The contents of these letters were written by children, aged nine through eighteen, and as such, may contain lighthearted/inappropriate language or misunderstandings of events. Please understand that these children lost their lives in the events of the Red Planet's Genocide, and be respectful of their legacy. Do not attempt to post this to other websites, articles, or even social media.

Many of these letters are extremely significant from a historical perspective, offering eyewitness accounts of the lives of the children at Pogtopia, events, and encounters with prominent leaders. But even the more personal messages, such as heartfelt expressions of affection or words of support and encouragement between separated loved ones, offer valuable insight into what truly happened at Pogtopia, and what led to the Red Planet's Genocide, as well as the Children's Rebellion.

The physical collection of the **12 Forgotten Letters of Pogtopia** is in the official museum located on F970-RB, also known as the Red Planet, in the star system Oxoas.

The Pogtopia Restoration Team

Meadows Centre for The Red Planet

letter one

Chapter Summary

a letter from an eleven-year-old Feline girl to her older brother, a science officer in the Galactic Rebellion

Sender: Nix Warner

Age (at time of writing): 11 years old

Age (arrival in Pogtopia): 10 years old

Age (at death): 14 years old

Origin: Feline

Pronouns: she/her

Gender: Female

Manner of Death: Undetermined

Recipient(s): Nathan Warner

Relation to Sender: Brother

Nathan,

We're doing a project in history today which has us write a handwritten letter like they did a long, long time ago (I wasn't paying attention to how long ago. Brown'we'thiel, the Elytrian girl that I got detention with my first week of being here, was teaching me how to fold a paper airplane with her paper. She doesn't have any family. I think that by making only the kids that have brothers/sisters/mothers/fathers/whatever else write letters is stupid and wrong.)

I know that messages take a while (I mean, you're lightyears away) but just cuz Mum sent me off to this boarding school doesn't mean that you should take literal months to respond to my messages.

Idiot.

Anyway, hopefully this *physical* letter reaches you. Professor Shawn promised to send them off, and he's pretty cool, so I think he actually might. Pogtopia is...meh, I guess. I mean, it's not bad. It *is* school. The girl I share a dorm with has chill vibes, but there's this thirteen-year-old Feline gal two windows above us who has a habit of sneaking out to go talk to her friends, and I swear to *God* that she doesn't know how to sneak around.

Maybe she never had people to teach her.

Hmm, good idea. I should volunteer next time she nearly crashes through the trellis and says words that everyone says I shan't repeat.

Nathan, I don't get it. I know why Mum and Dad needed "space"--I'm not *that* daft--but I don't get why you couldn't have taken me on as an intern or something. I've been at this stupid boarding school for thirteen months.

I want to go home. I want to go home and have Mum and Dad not arguing with each other over the ripeness of pyr'teruia fruit. I want you to be back from university like when you used to visit over the holidays, and we could open presents together like what one widespread stupid holiday that's actually celebrated here--Jesusmas, or something.

I know that Mum and Dad are probably going to separate.

I hope they don't plan on keeping me here until I graduate, though. That's, like, nine years from now!

(Bron just told me eighteen minus *seven* is eleven, which is how old I am now, by the way. You never sent a birthday present. So, seven years from now, I guess. That seems like a million kilometers away. I'll make it, though. I'll make it and come visit you.)

I hope you're busy with work and haven't seen my messages, Nathan. I miss you.

Love,

Nix Warner

P.S.

Professor Shawn made me sign my last name too. And say *love*.

ARCHIVER'S NOTES:

- When sent a copy of Nix's letter, her brother, Nathan, was devastated, and created a foundation called the *Nix Warner Foundation* that received funds for orphaned children to attend public school, in hopes that what happened to his little sister never happened to any other child again.
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letter two

Chapter Summary

a letter from a sixteen-year-old Enderian to her aunt stationed on the Artemis IV, a medical station in the Khanelos Cluster

Sender: Rozy Hyacinth

Age (at time of writing): 16 years old

Age (arrival in Pogtopia): 12 years old

Age (at death): 18 years old

Origin: Enderian

Pronouns: she/her

Gender: Female

Manner of Death: Homicide*

Recipient(s): Altheura Hyacinth*

Relation to Sender: Aunt

*Rozy Hyacinth, being an Enderian, was executed by firing squad alongside all the other Enderians (*see Ranboo Beh'lovid*) on Pogtopia when the food first began to dwindle due to the Pandoravirus.

**Rozy calls Altheura Hyacinth Theya, pronounced (Th-ey-ah)

Dear Auntie Theya,

Pogtopia is inclusive!


I know, I know. That's a sad first line to have. HOWEVER! A lot of places in this universe don't have the special nutrients we need, and Pogtopia DOES! This place is great!

I've been here for four years already, but I haven't written a letter to you. Mom and Dad should deliver this to you (hey Mom and Dad if you're reading this).

There are some shitty people here, but the majority of them are nice. Roughly five percent of the population are Enderians, and when I first arrived, Mr. Chroma (the head of the school) was super clear that there were others here *just like me* and that places that don't have enough food for all their occupants are "right appalling places anyway". We don't see Mr. Chroma a lot—despite being the head of the school, I think that he spends most of his time gathering funding for the school out there in the grand universe.

Or that's the running theory at least. Either that or he's a Flat Universer, but I don't think he's quite *that* silly.

I have two best friends—Amira Elostin, a Terran that has an extreme interest in flowers and plants—oop, she's reading this over my shoulder. *Botany*, whatever. How boring. I don't understand why you'd ever need to know about the genetics of plants and their uses—like, the internet exists and shit. Okay, Amira is saying that botany and horticulture are two different things, but they're the same thing to me—TWO THINGS I HAVE NO FUCKING CLUE WHAT THEY MEAN. I mean, I sorta do, I guess, but there are a lot of big words involved with science. Like, please, give me a calculus problem *any* day. I love math. Math is great. We're learning about sigma notation right now—actually, Amira had to drag me away from homework so I could write this letter, because I needed to "touch grass" or something. That's silly.

$$\begin{aligned}
 & \lim_{n \rightarrow \infty} \sum_{i=1}^n 3 \left(1 + \frac{i}{n} \right)^2 \\
 &= \lim_{n \rightarrow \infty} \frac{3}{n} \sum_{i=1}^n \left(1 + \frac{2i}{n} + \frac{i^2}{n^2} \right) \\
 &= \lim_{n \rightarrow \infty} \frac{3}{n} \left(\sum_{i=1}^n 1 + \sum_{i=1}^n \frac{2i}{n} + \sum_{i=1}^n \frac{i^2}{n^2} \right)
 \end{aligned}$$


...hey.

Rozy here. Four hours later. I kinda got distracted. Kero—that's Kero Eidolon, a Phantom, my roommate, and my other bestie—came in to me scribbling on the walls. ONLY IN PENCIL, I don't know why she was so mad. It took like two minutes to scrub off my (*sob*) hard work. My poor beautiful sigma notation signs...

Kero says I'm getting distracted again.

Anyway, speaking of Kero, she wants to explore deep space—which is super scary but also like totally awesome. She's a year younger than me, but I think once she turns eighteen she plans on leaving the program and attending university, and then applying for a position in the Galactic Rebellion Academy. They don't take kids, you see. She's going to study universal relations—*eugh*, I couldn't imagine talking to people. Space kinda scares me—no thank you, just give me a wall, a pen, and my equations, and I'll solve all the shit for you, but I won't become an Ensign. I don't think I'm quite made for the stars. Ha. Maybe one day.

Anyway, I think this letter was supposed to be longer, Auntie, but I ran out of time (I got distracted. Wait, have I said that already?). I'll send you a new one in six months, when we can write more letters! Hope you send a reply!

LOL (lots of love)

Rozy Hyacinth

ARCHIVER'S NOTES:

- This letter was sent, but never reached Altheura Hyacinth, as the *Artemis IV*, the medical station in which Rozy's Aunt was stationed on, was attacked by Arachnids and destroyed. There were no survivors.
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letter three

Chapter Summary

a collection of letters from Human child over the years to their mother (and father) on Terra regarding homesickness

Sender: Nickel Crynight

Age (at time of writing): 9-11 years old

Age (arrival in Pogtopia): 9 years old

Age (at death): 12 years old

Origin: Human

Pronouns: she/they/he

Gender: Nonbinary

Manner of Death: Undetermined

Recipient(s): Ruenna & Brinen Crynight

Relation to Sender: Parents

dear mama

i want to go home i want to go home i want to go home i want to go home i want to go home i want to god home i wabbt to go awbj i wanto to hoe ai want to fgi home i wanto go ho me i wabt wihd

please take me home

i hate it here

THIS PLACE IS AWFUL

TAKE ME HOME

mama its been sevren months

why did you sent me away

mama do you not love me enymore

mama

im sorry i were bad

i promise i wont be enymore

mama

mama it was reilly hard becuz you and dada argu alot. you yell and screem and then i yell and screem to.

mama its been nine months my teecher say so

i promise i will beehaive

ill go to my room like you asks

ill be quiet when the uncles comed over

i promise

take me away

let me go home

mama

the sky is red. like blood. like the blood that you used to say was natural.

Mama,

I'm sorry I hasn't writtin sooner. Its bin eight months sinse my last letter. Mister Halford says my penminship is getting beter. Ive been practising. Does that mean I can come home now?

love,

Nickel

Dear Mother,

Yesterday was my eleventh lifeday. I waited by Mr. Chroma's transmitter for a message, but one didn't come. I waited until the sun setted on the flat line, and the sky was purpel not red and it was the next day. Mr. Chroma told me to go back to my dormitorry, and he seemed really sad that you did not send a message. I agree with him.

Mother, don't tell me you did forgotten about me?

~~I HATE YOU WHY DID YOU NOT COME WHY DO YOU NOT
MESSAGE WHY ARE YOU IGNORING ME~~

I am getting better at writing. You always had problems with my writing. I got better.

Can I come home now?

~~The people here are really nice. Maybe I don't
want to come home.~~

Mister Halford showed me books. He taught me to read.

~~You and father never taught me how to read.~~

I think I want to be an author one day. A professional author. I know what I want to do when I grow up.

~~I will grow up fast. I will prove you wrong.~~

If I am to have a future, does that mean you'll want me again?

~~One day you'll see. You'll regret abandoning me. YOU LEFT ME. YOU LEFT ME ON
THIS STUPID PLANET AND YOU LEFT ME ALONE. I HATE YOU I HATE YOU I HATE
YOU I HATE YOU~~

Lots of love,

Nickel

Mama,

Mister Halford says that sometimes those who deserve to live, die, and that many times those that should die, live.

Nickel

ARCHIVER'S NOTES:

- This specific collection was a group of six short letters found with bloody fingerprints on them, never sent. Using the fingerprints, we managed to identify the writer as **Nickel Crynight**, who was nine when they first started writing and eleven when the last letter was written. However, the blood was identified as being only a few months old—dated to around the time of the Red Planet's Genocide—and so it is believed that the child carried the letters around with them in hopes they would be sent one day.
 - Nickel's parents have neglected to comment on the matter, and have refused a copy of the letters. They are part of a group of people that call themselves *Pogtopia's Sun*, who believe that the Red Planet's Genocide is a farce and a cover-up for a greater governmental child soldier scheme.
 - It is believed that **Nickel Crynight** had dysgraphia; a disorder of writing that includes problems with letter formation/legibility, letter spacing, spelling, fine motor coordination, rate of writing, grammar, and composition. Notes from one of their former teachers, whom they name as "Mister Halford", largely verify this conclusion.
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letter four

Chapter Summary

a letter from an eight-year-old Human child three months prior to Pogtopia's Fall, and an attached letter of their caretaker

Sender: Ellis Bo'chella

Age (at time of writing): 8 years old

Age (arrival in Pogtopia): 7 years old

Age (at death): 8 years old

Origin: Half-Human, Half-Phantom*

Pronouns: they/them

Gender: Nonbinary

Manner of Death: Homicide

Recipient(s): Anaiya Bo'chella

Relation to Sender: Mother



dEar mAmi, ♡



i tuRn atE today!!!! my techer say yOur job is speshal, wich iS why you dont com bak. thats ok!!! peepel hear r nise! you writted me last week to say HAPPY BIRTHDAY an my caretaker given me the wurdS you writed!



mAmi, you are tHe besTest mAmi i cUld ever want! i lOve you! tHanK yoU fur thE stuFFie! missy say its a BEE wich is a tErriN ~~animu~~ insekt.



missy say you coming bak en sickS moNths! i cant wate!



luv ellis



Hello Ms. Bo'chella,

This is Katlina Rebexi, your child's caretaker. I have written to you before to let you understand how the caretaker system in Pogtopia works for those eight and under. I would like to reiterate that Ellis is a lovely child; you have clearly raised them well. They took to the bee plushie you got them with exuberance, and hardly put it down, even to eat (I've had to wash it four times while they were sleeping!). Ellis gets along great with the other small children we have here, and don't worry, their schoolwork is going along great. They mentioned that you used to read them stories before you went on your long-term mission, and they are so advanced in reading comprehension for their age (you must be so proud). I know you'd hoped to be back before their eighth birthday, but don't worry, Ellis gets your weekly messages, and is glad to have something tangible of yours that they can have to remember you.

They also love drawing hearts on every piece of paper (and wall) available. I've had to keep all drawing utilities out of their reach, and an aide has to watch them during art. It's quite humorous.

In three months, the head of Pogtopia (I have mentioned him; Chroma) will be switching out the school-year staff to the break staff, so by the time you pop around to pick up Ellis, I will be gone. Don't worry, though, everyone Chroma has hired so far for the little ones has been kind (the head caretaker makes sure of that; she stays around year-round). If your job gets extended one month further, I will be back, but I hope that even if you never get to meet me, you are reunited with your child before I am back.

Well wishes,

Katlina Rebexi

ARCHIVER'S NOTES:

- One of the reasons that **Ellis Bo'chella's** body was believed to have been preserved better, despite being found amongst the mass graves of Pogtopia, was because of their unique half-Phantom status. Despite scrounging through records, it is believed that Anaiya Bo'chella, Ellis's mother, was Human, never reported Ellis as a successfully born hybrid, and as such, the child themselves never realized their status as an anomaly, and neither did their mediocre medical records. Only through extreme testing, and a

continued push from one of our hybrid doctors, was the Pogtopian Restoration team able to identify Ellis's biology.

- **Ellis Bo'chella** was one of the hundreds of bodies, out of the thousands that died, properly identified in the mass graves after the Red Planet's genocide. They were found curled up, still wearing torn and bloodied dress-up bee wings, and clutching a bee plushie to their chest. Both items can be found on display amongst the other personal items recovered from Pogtopia in the museum on F970-RB.
 - **Ellis Bo'chella's** mother was a scavenger for parts, and committed suicide eight months after her only child's death.
-

letter five

Chapter Summary

a letter from a seventeen-year-old Blazeborn to themselves, three months before the fall

Sender: Eos Silver

Age (at time of writing): 17 years old

Age (arrival in Pogtopia): 12 years old

Age (at death): 17 years old

Origin: Blazeborn

Pronouns: they/them

Gender: Nonbinary

Manner of Death: Undetermined*

Recipient(s): *N/A*

Dear me, myself, and I,

Ms. Sin'plia gave us an assignment that said we had to write a letter to our parents, a friend, a pen pal—anyone, really—not on Pogtopia detailing our lives here. Do you remember that? It's the talk of the school right now.

About half the class looked at each other in disbelief about what complete and total HORSESHIT (does your Human friend Stephan still use that word? He's from Terra, remember? It's a fun word to say) this assignment was. I mean, really. You take a bunch of kids, *half* of whom were sent here by their families because their families didn't love them anymore (have you told thirteen-year-old Ji'nye from Art 3 that yet? She's so insistent that her *Mommy* is coming back to pick her up (she's been here for nine months. Mommy's not coming back) and that nobody *else's* Mommy is coming to pick them up because they're ugly and worthless. If you did tell her, how unsightly were her tears?) and the other half of that half was taken from orphanages or war-torn villages or wherever Mr. Chroma seems to get them.

ONLY LIKE AN EIGHTH OF THE CLASS HAS PEOPLE OUTSIDE OF POGTOPIA THAT ACTUALLY LIKE THEM MS. SIN'PLIA. WHAT HAPPENED TO THE NEEDS OF THE MANY????? WHAT KIND OF SHITTY ASSIGNMENT IS THIS???

(I know you're reading this, Ms. Sin'plia. You can't mark me down for writing my opinions. This is a letter.)

Okay, in fairness, the kids with families that hate them are writing letters (of pleading and ignorance, probably) anyway, and Eth'yan is writing a letter to one of the Admirals of the Galactic Rebellion asking for a scholarship to Fleet School (nobody tell him that Mr. Chroma is not going to actually send that one; he *hates* war and blames it on the Galactic Rebellion for political reasons I'm too afraid to ask about; the guy is like one of the last Avians for

Nether's sake. Well, besides Tomathy David, of course, but they're so close they're basically father and son, so it's whatever).

Well, suck it, because you told me that I had to write a letter to someone *outside* of Pogtopia. When I turn eighteen in seven months, *I'll* move out of this place, and then I'll be outside Pogtopia.

You should've closed that loophole.

Sucks for you.

Anyway, hey, older Eos Silver. You're probably still cool and epic. Did you apply for biotech at a university yet? If not, get on that. I know you get distracted easily.

It's only been seven months. You probably remember everything that happened. Pogtopia is boring, except for that one time Gry'an E'xspl'cua (he's in your Advanced Subspace Geometry class, remember) who is by far the eldest arrival to ever come here at seventeen years old, got into a fistfight with Kyle Reinmayor, the Feline boy with an ego bigger than the food stores in the warehouses next to the Exdurn Mountains. Honestly, though, that fistfight was kinda warranted, because Kyle was making fun of the fact that Gry'an's wings were purple-grey—which from what I've heard, is not a normal color, but we're not really normal people, so I don't see how it mattered—and you, like, NEVER make fun of Elytrian's wings, so Gry'an totally decked him in the face and then proceeded to give him the most epic beat-down in history. Straight out of a holomovie. HE DID A SPIN KICK AND EVERYTHING!!!! It was so cool.

But yeah, aside from the very occasional cool moments, Pogtopia's just... a normal boarding school. Mr. Chroma is secretive and weird sometimes, but he's pretty nice overall, even if he has a bajillion locked cabinets and he likes to only keep one lamp on in his office (I'm pretty sure Avians can't see in the dark).

Future-me, if you're not famous by now from creating new products by manipulating organisms or components of a biological system than you're doing life wrong.

This assignment was kinda fun. Mostly because I got to scream at how stupid the assignment was. But I'm getting bored of writing it, and I think the kids are going to go play some zero-grav-basketball now.

Toodle-oo,

Eos Silver

ARCHIVER'S NOTES:

- Like most of the children, Eos' manner of death could not 100% be confirmed by a mortician, as many bones were destroyed or lost in the mass graves. However, it is believed, based on the proximity of a weapon, and the angle at which a hole was found in their intact skull, to have been suicide.
-
-

letter six

Chapter Summary

a letter from a little fl'eh'gly'in'gh (child) to her mother after their arrival on Pogtopia,
and his mother's reply back

Sender: Sk'iyē H'ayrt'e

Age (at time of writing): 11 years old

Age (arrival in Pogtopia): 11 years old

Age (at death): 15 years old

Origin: Elytrian

Pronouns: she/they/he

Gender: Female

Manner of Death: Undetermined*

Recipient(s): Ahy'iyē H'ayrt'e

Relation: Mother

Mother,

F970-RB is so different from Elytra! Except they don't call it by its scientific name, they call it the *Red Planet*, which makes absolutely no sense because the planet is made of grasslands and oceans, and not red at all, but then again, a Human named it long ago, and Humans, as we are well aware, have quite an interesting way of naming things.

They say the red sky is natural here. It unsettles me, admittedly, but most new things unsettle us, so I suppose that I will get used to it with time.

Another thing that I shall mention—the buildings are new, but designed after an old Terran style. I thought that would be unsettling too, but the mud, brick, and sandstone are quite pretty together, and it makes it feel homely. Besides, it's not as if we don't have technology here—I got a new holopad, courtesy of Mr. Chroma, the school's governor. Did you know he was an Avian? I really didn't think there were that many of them left. I asked him about it and he smiled at me and said that he'd been a track star when he was little, and that he liked my wings.

I have a roommate, but some of the kids here have three roommates, so I suppose I am quite lucky. Their name is ᑭᑭᑭᑭᑭ, which translates to *Adaihah*, in Standard. I think that's a really cool name.

I put my posters up—the ones detailing Elytra's rings, as well as the one of S'tel'ahyr. Adaihah didn't call me a nerd, but they're pretty chill and they have *excellent* fidgeting toys—Enderians are so cool, really.

I went to dinner. Apparently, while new people don't pop up constantly, we're not really a rarity, so I didn't get too many stares. A group of Elytrians around my age came up to me and asked for my name and invited me to fly with them during recess tomorrow, though!

So far this place is pretty great, as I'm sitting here under a blanket writing a letter that will be sent in six months—can you believe that the asteroid field around Oxoas is so great that they can only get mail ships through once a month, and transmission messages only in emergencies due to the amount of power it takes (my letter, unfortunately, does not constitute as an emergency).

Don't worry, I'll write every week, and you'll get tons of letters to open when I can finally send them.

Love,

Sk'iye

My darling child,

I am exponentially glad that everything is going well. Labwork is going wonderful, because I know you'll ask, even if the first letter I received from you is six Terran moon cycles from now. My lab partner, Ch'lse'a, unfortunately, had to step down due to the horrific *k'yaif'lgh'e** of her only daughter—it's caused an uproar on the planet, and a further push to rid us of those horrible monsters; those *wing-stealers*. It is additionally why I am glad to have sent you away to a safe school; a safe place. I feel awful for that poor child.

I know that you probably have no wish to hear about gore and violence, but you might see it in the media, and I wanted you to know the truth. Plus, Ch'lse'a took a liking to you.

Moving on to more pleasant things—the arychilies are blooming in the garden once more! There should be a few pressed petals enclosed, and if not, then damn those mail carriers. They smell lovely, and I've been using them for tea, though it's not the same as you used to make it. You somehow always manage to get the composition of honyeta and water correctly. Ah, well. Just another reason to miss you, my child.

I hope you still plan on following your dreams to be a navigator. I await your letters eagerly, though by the time you receive this, I already shall have. Don't fall in love with anyone! And if you do, practice safe coitus ;)

Love,

Mother

*There is no direct translation for *k'yaif'lgh'e* in Standard. It means, simply, *to lose one's wings*.

ARCHIVER'S NOTES:

- Unlike many of the familial members of the victims of the Red Planet's Genocide, Ahy'ie H'ayrt'e did not ignore us or refuse to speak to us after we sent a message asking about **Sk'ie**. One of our intelligence agents sat down with her in person and had a four-hour discussion, and information was exchanged. Ms. H'ayrt'e learned more in-depth about the causes of the Red Planet's Genocide, and what led up to it, and in turn, she told us about her daughter. Over the course of the four years that **Sk'ie** was on F970-RB, they exchanged letters with each other every six months, and Sk'ie wrote almost weekly. There were, in total, two hundred and fifty-six letters that **Sk'ie H'ayrt'e** wrote, of which Ahy'ie H'ayrt'e kept them all. We only managed to obtain the first letter due to a copying error on Pogtopia. Ahy'ie H'ayrt'e wrote eighty-seven letters in return to her daughter, but only the one—the original message—was ever recovered.

- **Sk'iyē H'ayrt'e's** letters have been transcribed and is contained in the book *From the Perspective of a Child: The Red Planet's Genocide, 97622* as well as *The Life of Pogtopia: What Changed and Why*. Their letters were also read aloud in the famous documentary *The Red Sky Darkens*.
 - **Sk'iyē H'ayrt'e's** letters, amongst many, along with video footage, school work, holos, and quotes from the three actual survivors of the Red Planet's Genocide, have been used to teach the future of the Galactic Rebellion methods of prevention in order to ensure such an ordeal will never take place again.
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letter seven

Chapter Summary

a letter from a Terran boy to his deceased Enderian friend, directly after the first day of executions

Chapter Notes

small warning, the child in this chapter was raised Catholic, and he does talk about God. if you are triggered in any way by religious conflict/questioning/hate, please do not read this chapter, or skip the lines after "I am scared for tomorrow".

Sender: Theo Jackson

Age (at time of writing): 15 years old

Age (arrival in Pogtopia): 9 years old

Age (at death): 15 years old

Origin: Human

Pronouns: he/him

Gender: Male

Manner of Death: Homicide

Recipient(s): Zumoria "Ria" Zometti

Relation: Friend

Ria,

They said the food stores were low, but I thought we would go to rationing. Ria, you *did the math*. You were always good at math. Ria, you promised that if the administration called for help, and we rationed our food, that we would make it. That we could all live.

Ria, they killed you. They killed you in the square next to twenty other Enderians, and I hadn't even realized they'd brought you out. I'm a failure of a friend.

Ria, they killed all the Enderians. All eighty-one of them. Then he moved on to other people on his list—there were children no older than eight on that stage, Ria. They made us watch for hours. Then **he** came out and told us we should be grateful to be alive—that their—that *your*—unwilling sacrifice would save us. **He** made us clap, as if we should be thankful. As if there were any words in our hearts except bitten back cries.

He killed four hundred and nine people—one-eighth of the population of Pogtopia. In one fucking day. I counted, because they forced us to dump them into the mass graves. I can feel the coolness of skin and feathers under my palms. I remember lifting a little child—a Human, just like me—and she was so small, and they had a blood-soaked stuffed animal in their hands, and empty, terrifying eyes. They couldn't have been more than ten. I held them, and I cried, because they could've had so much in life, and it was stolen from them by an Avian whose pride was too large to call for aid.

Ria, I looked for your body, but someone else had gotten to you first, through no fault of their own.

I don't know if I wanted to see your face anyway. I don't know if I could bear to see the hole in your head, because I fear it would match the one in my heart.

He locked us in with the guards and said if we fought back, then we would die, and any friends we had would die, and our roommates would die—all with our rebellion.

His prodigy, Tomathy David, who's around my age, was there too. I only mention this because Tomathy (Tommy, I think, his friends call him) had a best friend who was an Enderian too. I only mention this because I saw him crouched in the dust and remnants of what was once golden grass, staring at the dozens of bodies crammed into one pit, to be covered in dirt and blood and forgotten about—marked with nothing but white stones. I only mention him, one last time, because I think that Tommy hates **him** more than all of us combined.

I did not think it was possible to hate **him** more than me.

Ria, you are gone now, as I scribble this letter by the last remnants of the fading sun. You are gone, and there is blood and dirt under my fingertips, and my hands shake with tremors that I cannot control.

I am scared for tomorrow.

Ria, I told you that I believed in God—I was raised Catholic by my father, before he had to go and drink himself to death and abandoned me to this hellhole.

But if He does exist—then why would he allow the horrors to happen out here? Why is He letting us all die? What sins have I committed in any past life to give me the existence that I faced today?

I hope there is a God out there, and when I die, I will look him in the eyes, and ask him what I could've possibly done to deserve *this*. What that eight-year-old child could've possibly done to deserve *that*.

I will never forget you, Ria. Not in life, nor in death.

Theo

ARCHIVER'S NOTES:

- While most people who know anything about the Red Planet's Genocide know that the Enderians were first on Chroma's list of names due to their eating necessities (*see: Chroma's List of the 1637 Marked for Death*) what they do not understand is that half of the Children of Pogtopia died in the first round of executions, which took over four days to complete.
 - **Theo Jackson**, unbeknownst to him at the time of writing the letter, was on Chroma's List of 1637, and was killed just three days after Zumoria "Ria" Zometti, on the fourth and final day of the first round of executions.
-

letter eight

Chapter Summary

a letter from an older sibling to a younger one, after the second round of executions

Sender: Sanya Rothkiv

Age (at time of writing): 17 years old

Age (arrival in Pogtopia): 14 years old

Age (at death): 17 years old

Origin: Human

Pronouns: she/her

Gender: Female

Manner of Death: Starvation

Recipient(s): Summer Rothkiv (deceased)

Relation: Younger Sister

Summer,

For many years you had called me a poet—Mother had said that I should've been a lawyer, for all my remarks; and Father said I should've been a politician, for my ability to twist expressions—but you, little sister, *you* said that I should be a poet; for I know my around words like a stream through the underbrush of a spring-loved forest.

And yet for all my power with words I cannot find a way to describe your loss.

I shall try. For you, I shall try. I would've done anything for you, little sister, and yet I am still here, with hunger howling its way through my chest, scribbling a letter to a girl who is fourteen days dead.

Summer, our mother named you after the Terran season despite the fact that, had you been born on Earth, you would've been born during winter, because of your golden hair and your yellow-brown eyes, which she said reminded her of Terra's sun on a summer solstice, and hikes too close to the sun in the mountains with Father. You met your match in Pogtopia's grasses, the long-stranded plants blending in with your head—always a predator, ready to strike with a fierce disposition whenever I was trying to concentrate on schoolwork.

It does not make sense. It does not make sense; that the sun still rises and sets, and in the month that we were together, curled up and sharing body heat as the fat fell off our bodies and we prayed for rescue, for *anyone*—that you are no longer here. I do not have time for grief in my little room—with all the remnants it has of *you*.

But grief comes in anyway, and grief makes itself some tea, and it sits down and haunts this little room anyway, and it makes the world just a little bit darker, and the pounding footsteps of the guards just a little bit louder.

And the white you said was eggshell-white became hospital white, and the yellow you said was sunshine-yellow become skin-yellow-sickness, and the red you said was rose-red become bloody-red—and the memories remained. Oh, my sweet sister, the memories *always* remain.

Sometimes I see Death in the corner of my room, and then I blink and he is gone. He sits in the dark corners that the sun doesn't hit, and he creeps under the door during the night. Sometimes I wish for him to come closer, if only so I could have one last embrace—one final end to the loneliness before he claims my weakened soul.

I feel like I died when they shot you through the head, only they forgot to bury my body. Only I was left here, like a forgotten ghost. I could write a million words to you, Summer, and none of them would bring you back. I could cry a million tears, and none of them would bring you back either. I know because I have done both.

You died first, my darling sister, but I when I die, it will be my second time.

Sanya

ARCHIVER'S NOTES:

- Summer, **Sanya Rothkiv's** younger sister, was killed on the third day of the second round of executions with two hundred and ninety-nine other children, which took place twenty-two days (one month on F970-RB) after the first round of executions. Her blood was found under Sanya's nails, giving evidence that Sanya was the one to carry Summer to her grave.

- **Sanya Rothkiv** was indeed a poet, and many of her poems were found in the datacenters of Pogtopia—from her journal, scribbled on the margins of her tests and notes, and even the transcripts of three voice recordings that she spoke at open mics. These poems were transcribed into the book *The Ghosts of Pogtopia: Art Edition*, and her voice can be heard in the background of *The Red Sky Darkens*, the famous documentary of the Red Planet's Genocide.
 - **Sanya Rothkiv** starved to death eighteen days after the death of her sister, on the 7th of Pieloco, just three days before the Final Act of the Children's Rebellion, and a week before the L'manburg arrived at the Red Planet. The letter was written four days before her subsequent death, and found tucked in her pocket.
 - **Sanya Rothkiv** was found with a bloody name engraved over her heart—only deep enough to scar—that bore one word: *Summer*.
-

letter nine

Chapter Summary

a letter from a twelve-year-old Enderian in his last few hours before their execution

Sender: Milo Evergreen

Age (at time of writing): 12 years old

Age (arrival in Pogtopia): 10 years old

Age (at death): 12 years old

Origin: Enderian

Pronouns: he/him

Gender: Male

Manner of Death: Homicide

Recipient(s): Miles & Milana Evergreen

Relation: Parents

Ma & Da,

This isn't going to end up anywhere, because it's just a stupid message written on a napkin, but I wanted to write down my notes before they move us out of the cafeteria. 'They' being the guards, of course.

Something is happening. They rounded us up in the cafeteria—that's *all* the Enderians, all eighty-two of us, except there's only eighty-one of us because nobody knows where Ranboo is (lucky for him)—and they posted guards at the doors and nobody is telling me what is going on and what is happening.

Ma, I'm scared.

Da, if you're reading this, I'm not scared.

Mr. Hel'ylyph'lian said that I needed to take good notes to be a doctor, so here are my notes as the night continues:

- 1:12 AM, 9th of Everharst
 - The guards came in and took us from our rooms. My roommate, Mikael, is not an Enderian. They hit him when he tried to stop the guards from taking me.
- 1:23 AM, 9th of Everharst
 - We arrived in the cafeteria. Roughly fifty Enderians were already there, and like me, they looked like they'd all been rudely woken up as well. I asked the guards what was happening, and they told me to shut up or I'd *be* shut up.

- 2:30 AM, 9th of Everharst
 - A small rebellion started up. A group tried to attack the North entrance, and two of them were KILLED. I think we're going to die.

I'm scared. I am. I don't want to die. I don't want to die I don't want to die I don't

- 3:26 AM, 9th of Everharst
 - Mr. Chroma came in, and wouldn't even look at us. He had a tablet in his hand, and I was close enough to the front I saw that it looked like a List. I don't know what kind of List, though. He seemed really mad at one of the captains, and started screaming at him in another language—Kitsunian, I think. Nobody here speaks Kitsunian. I asked around.
 - Note: I think he's mad that there are eighty-one of us, not eighty-two. I hope Ranboo's safe, wherever he is (if he's not already dead).
- 4:56 AM, 9th of Everharst
 - We've almost been here for four hours. The guards won't move, won't give us food, and keep telling us to shut the little ones up. The older Enderians keep muttering about an escape plan, but they left the bodies of the dead rebels on the floor and it's deterring everyone.

I don't want to die like this I don't want this to end I am scared I AM SCARED

- 5:32 AM, 9th of Everharst
 - they're staring to hand out hanfcuufs im going to need to hide my letter oh god oh god oh god i dont want to die ma i dont want to die IF THIS IS WHERE I DIE ITS NOT FAIR

PLEASE ANYONE HELP US HEL

ARCHIVER'S NOTES:

- **Milo Evergreen's** original message was written on a cafeteria napkin with marker, stuffed behind a loose brick, and can be found on display amongst the other personal items recovered from Pogtopia in the museum on F970-RB. A copy was sent out to his parents, who received it gratefully, and sent back this message: "*[We] are glad that our son, Milo, left behind something to make his mark on history. He always wanted to cure a disease and have his own Holopedia page, but, well, I suppose this would mean something to him as well.*"
 - The napkin was found by one of the members of the *L'manburg* when he knocked loose one of the bricks in the cafeteria by falling against it.
 - **Milo Evergreen** was numbered among the 82 Enderian children in Pogtopia. All but Ranboo Beh'lovid (see *The Children's Rebellion*) were killed on the first day of the first round of executions.
 - Enderian food, which revolves primely around the main calorie intake known as *chorus* (due to their extra taste buds; all other origins consider such a food-type bland) is easily spoilable, and also increasingly hard to import, especially long distance. It was one of the first foods to spoil from the Pandoravirus.
-

letter ten

Chapter Summary

a letter from a sixteen-year-old girl to her friend, who was executed in the first round of executions

Chapter Notes

EXTREME CONTENT WARNING: SUICIDE

this letter IS a suicide note. It does not explain in graphic detail what the author of the letter plans to do, but it is explicitly stated, as well as implied, and dreamed about. If you have any issue with this subject at ALL, please do not read, as it is heavily triggering.

If you feel like you need help, please contact the National Suicide Prevention line.

Sender: Ellie Quint

Age (at time of writing): Sixteen years old

Age (arrival in Pogtopia): Twelve years old

Age (at death): Sixteen years old

Origin: Human

Pronouns: she/they

Gender: Female

Manner of Death: Suicide

Recipient(s): Lottie Caddel

Relation: Friend

My dearest friend,

This letter will never reach you, for I watched with blurred vision as you died, held back by some bitch whom I shall never forgive.

(I wish she had let me go to you so I could die by your side. I would have accepted this end. I would not have had to make this plan—I would not have stood on this chair four times already before deciding to write you a letter, in case your ghost stares over my shoulder reading these words.)

I did not bury your body.

You would be angry if you knew what I was about to do. You would scream at me and shake me and yell at me until I followed you down your path.

I cannot follow you down that path now. Your path tapered off—your path ended, and you went to a place I could not follow, and I do not know how far mine will go onward shall events follow their expected route.

I am at the end of the road, and there is no way back.

I wasn't anything anyone could be proud of anyway. I wasn't someone to be remembered. I wasn't going to be famous, or a leader, or someone of great importance. I was just another girl on a list, though not the same List as you, destined to die—who cares if I'm a bit early?

Ever since I watched your body fall like those stupid dolls we used to play with when we were younger, I wondered if I was one of the lucky ones. Mr. Chroma told us we were one of the "lucky" ones, and then he made us put our hands together and clap or we would be put in chains and onto that stand because we weren't *grateful* enough—and then he made me clap as you died and I had to pretend that everything was okay, and I got my single ration and stared at it like I had won some sort of grand prize.

I don't feel lucky. I wish you were me, because you had always been stronger, and that I was you—that I was dead and gone in those horrible pits and you were standing where I was right now—in a room with a chair and a rope and nothing but gray walls and dust. because you wouldn't be like me. You wouldn't do what I would do. You were stronger, and you died anyway, and so I wonder—no, I *know*—that no matter what happens; I am not going to survive.

Mr. Chroma does not seem like the person to call for help.

The truth is that the universe sucks. I mean, that makes sense, wouldn't it? That's the truth—that spaceships blow up, that parents fall out of love—that adults hold guns to children's heads, kill them, and consider that a sick sort of mercy. Every time you opened the HoloNews you used to complain about how depressing the headlines were. It's like whatever greater power there may be has this huge box of shitty things and they decide to dump that box on this crappy universe every single fucking day.

You never said goodbye.

I never got to say good morning.

(You died at 8:34 AM.)

It is already hard to breathe. The noose is tightening around my throat and I have not even slid it around my neck.

The only thing I am scared about is that you will not be waiting for me on the other side.

I am coming, Lottie. Just hold on a little more. I am coming, and I am glad.

Ellie

ARCHIVER'S NOTES:

- According to many archivers, this letter was perhaps one of the hardest to professionally read and publish, as it is extremely personal, possibly triggering, and tragically heartbreaking. While the collection was being put together, it was discussed whether Ellie's letter should be included due to the nature of its contents. Due to the severity that took place on the Red Planet—it being a genocide of over three thousand children, aged eight through eighteen—it was eventually ruled that **Ellie Quint's** letter be included in order to reveal the horrific events and final conclusions, as different as they may have been, that the children of Pogtopia endured.
 - **Ellie Quint** was a foster child, and their note was sent to the parents of the letter's recipient, Lottie Caddel.
 - **Ellie Quint** was one of the ninety-four children who would commit fatalistic suicide in Pogtopia. Her name is listed on a second memorial plaque (see *Pogtopia's Angels*) inside of Pogtopia's museum along with the ninety-three other children, the youngest of whom was nine years old.
 - This note is a reminder of the mental trauma that can possibly remain from such bloody scenes ingrained in your head—a reminder that witnessing events such as the Red Planet's Genocide can change a person for life, mentally and physically.
-

letter eleven

Chapter Summary

a collection of letters from two lovers, a building apart, over the course of two months

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Sender: Harley-Davis Kantor

Age (at time of writing): 17 - 18 years old

Age (arrival in Pogtopia): 14 years old

Age (at death): 18 years old

Origin: Feline

Pronouns: she/they

Gender: Female

Manner of Death: Homicide

Recipient(s): A'zy'ary'ia Ply'thy'e

Relation: Partner

Sender: A'zy'ary'ia Ply'thy'e

Age (at time of writing): 18 years old

Age (arrival in Pogtopia): 11 years old

Age (at death): 18 years old

Origin: Elytrian

Pronouns: she/her

Gender: Female

Manner of Death: Homicide

Recipient(s): Harley-Davis Kantor

Relation: Partner

To the girl in the fifth floor, the seventh window from the left (outside perspective),

u r cute ;)

- Harley

2nd of Riyannan

Harley,

My name is A'zy'ary'ia Ply'thy'e.

A'zy'ary'ia Ply'thy'e

A'yz'ary'ya Ply'yth'e,

Wow, I didn't expect a response back. Damn, your name took me three minutes to spell. You're still cute, though. I see you throwing rocks out of your window (I'm in the second girl's dorm; the window directly across from you).

- Harley

4th of Riyannan

Harley,

Those are physics experiments. I'm attempting to demonstrate why meteorites don't make skid marks. Since you are spelling my name horrifically wrong, and hurting my culture in the process, you may call me Azaya. It is my Standard name.

A'zy'ary'ia Ply'thy'e

Azaya,

I would probably say it worse aloud, in all honesty. I've never been very good at languages.
Maybe you could teach me...?

- Harley

5th of Riyannan

NO.

Azaya,

In my defense, it was worth a shot. Back to your letter from three days ago—you're right; I never thought about it. Meteorites *don't* have skid marks! I never thought about that—I guess I thought they always crashed like ships. Huh. Well, you learn something new every day.

- Harley

8th of Riyannan

Harley,

That's because you sleep through every class. I was watching you in calculus today.

A'zy'ary'ia Ply'thy'e

Azaya,

SO YOU ARE WATCHING ME

:D

- Harley

9th of Riyannan

Harley,

You sit in the front row and your hair sticks up about half a foot because you refuse to brush it down. It's impossible *not* to notice you.

A'zy'ary'ia Ply'thy'e

Azaya,

That's fair, actually.

So how does the meteor thingy work?

- Harley

11th of Riyannan

Harley,

Asteroids and meteoroids contain a huge amount of kinetic energy in them. When it hits planets at such a high velocity, there is no time for it *to* skid, and the energy is released—vaporizing the impactor (the energy is released in a spherical shape) which causes the hole to be circular.

A'zy'ary'ia Ply'thy'e

Azaya,

in standard pls

- Harley

13th of Riyannan

Harley,

Big object hit planet. Big object go fast. Boom when hit surface. Blow apart. No time for movement.

A'zy'ary'ia Ply'thy'e

Azaya,

Now I feel disrespected.

What did you get on yesterday's calculus test?

- Harley

14th of Riyannan

Harley,

I got a 97%. I got a point off for the implicit differentiation to the second derivative. I don't know where I messed up, but I did it all right and I got the answer wrong.

What did you get?

A'zy'ary'ia Ply'thy'e

Azaya,

I got a perfect score.

- Harley

15th of Riyannan

Harley,

What? No, show me the implicit differentiation problem. It doesn't make any sense.

A'zy'ary'ia Ply'thy'e

Azaya,

Meet me by the oak tree in three hours.

- Harley

15th of Riyannan

Harley,

Fine.

A'zy'ary'ia Ply'thy'e

(The following was found in A'zy'ary'ia Ply'thy'e's stack of letters, and has been added to the collection of letters for consistency's sake.)

$$\frac{d^2 y}{dx^2} x^3 + y^3 = 1 \quad \frac{(y^2 \cdot -2x) - (-x^2 \cdot 2y \frac{dy}{dx})}{y^4}$$

$$3x^2 + 3y^2 \frac{dy}{dx} = 0 \quad \frac{-2xy^2 + 2x^2y \left(-\frac{x^2}{y}\right)}{y^4}$$

$$3y^2 \frac{dy}{dx} = -3x^2 \quad \frac{2x(y^2 + \frac{x^3}{y})}{y^4}$$

$$\frac{dy}{dx} = -\frac{x^2}{y^2} \quad = \frac{-\frac{x^2}{y^2}}{y^2}$$



~~no.~~
one day !!

$$\boxed{\frac{d^2}{dx^2} = -\frac{2x}{y^3}}$$

A'zy'ary'ia Ply'thy'e,

You should go on a date with me.

- Harley-Davis Kantor

18th of Riyannan

Harley,

Why did your parents name you after a Terran motorcycle company?

A'zy'ary'ia Ply'thy'e

Azaya,

I'll tell you if you go on a date with me :)

- Harley

19th of Riyannan

Harley,

Fine.

A'zy'ary'ia Ply'thy'e

Azaya,

I love you ♡

- Harley

22nd of Riyannan

Harley,

You don't have to pass letters anymore. We have each other's tablet contacts.

I love you too.

Azaya

Azaya,

It's the principal of the thing, you know? I want us to be remembered. I want to be in the history books with a letter written to the girl I love.

- Harley

Harley,

Maybe when we grow older (when I'm famous) they'll care about our origin story.

Azaya

Harley,

Happy birthday, *aly'rui'syn*.

Azaya

Azaya

What does that mean???

- Harley

7th of Josselor

Harley,

It translates to love letter, but it can also mean letter-love.

Azaya

Azaya,

Oh. You can keep calling me that.

- Harley

(This letter was never delivered.)

15th of Josselor

My *aly'rui'syn*,

Before you, I do not think I knew what love was. I did not understand what it meant—to love, to be *in* love, to be loved. I thought it was a dream that only took place in books and holovids. I thought everyone was faking it, and yet, with you, I find I cannot stop looking at the way you laugh when you're explaining a math problem that doesn't make sense, and the way that you roll your eyes whenever I launch into explanations into why something isn't possible.

Why shouldn't it be possible? you demand. *You exist. Anything should be possible.*

It should sound stupid, but it makes something in my chest flutter every time.

Harley, I love you because of your tenacity, and your bravery, and your stubbornness. I love you because the entire universe conspired to help you find me and teach me where I had been so wrong in the world. You are my life, my inspiration, my strength, and my soulmate. I have added you to my *iry'ikan*—my list of golden feathers; and your name is the only one on that list. I do not have parents, or siblings, or children, and so should the day come that my Final Flight be necessary, you will fly alone, but you will fly nonetheless, because you will fly for *me*.

I thought you were perfect and so I fell in love, and so when I realized you were not perfect, I loved you even more.

I have never been so afraid to lose someone before. I cannot say these words aloud—I have always been bad at conveying feelings of love; whereas you spout them as easily as the sun rises and sets—and so I put them on a letter in hopes that one day when I am a captain of a ship and you my beloved first officer that you will read this and look back and laugh.

I love you.

Azaya Kantor

(This letter was never delivered.)

21st of Josselor

TO BE DELIVERED AFTER MY DEATH

Sweetheart,

There are some things we do not talk about. We sparked together like a wildfire in dry grasses (ha) and we argue like an old married couple, as several of our friends and teachers say.

We do not talk about the lifespan of a Feline and an Elytrian. We are both brilliant enough to know—to know that you will live five of my lifetimes intertwined in one.

I do not know that eighty years is enough for you, but had our lifespans been switched, it would have been enough for me. A week would have been enough for me—even had I been meant to live with such a heartbreak for five hundred years. All the articles I'd ever read from other Origins about Elytrian lifespan are spat with jealousy and hate—for it is normal to want more.

Clearly those journalists have never been in love.

This letter is meant to find you after my years of life (I know that we will be together, for if anyone could be my soulmate, it would be you) in hopes you would remember our beginning, treasure the middle, and life through my end.

I will be waiting for you in the Afterlife, even if I have to fight through several Gods to get there—even if I have to walk lightyears by foot to find the Elytrian ancestral home. I will find you. Wait patiently, sweetheart. I will always come find you. I did once.

I cannot promise you I'll be here for the rest of your life.

I can promise you that I will love you until the end of mine.

Live on. You will see me again. Go be the greatest captain that this damn universe has ever seen. Make history.

I will be waiting with a wide grin and open arms. I will always wait for you. I would wait until the end of the universe itself.

Harley-Davis Kantor

Azaya,

Marry me.

- Harley

8th of Everharst

My *aly'rui'syn*,

Of course. How could I not?

Azaya

ARCHIVER'S NOTES:

- Both **A'zy'ary'ia Ply'thy'e** and **Harley-Davis Kantor** kept their respective stacks of notes in their rooms, and as such, we were able to piece them together.
- **A'zy'ary'ia Ply'thy'e** and **Harley-Davis Kantor** were killed on the second day of the first round of executions (10th of Everharst) but were able to break away from their

respective captors according to Tommy Innes (see *The Leader of the Children's Rebellion*) who vaguely remembered seeing a Feline and an Elytrian fight their captors in order to hold hands one last time. For those two days they were kept apart in separate buildings, as both of them were on Chroma's List. They were one of the few, who, despite being executed, did not die on the stage, as they broke managed to break out of their respective holding cells to get to eachother. **A'zy'ary'ia Ply'thy'e** and **Harley-Davis Kantor** died holding hands under their famous oak tree, and while every grave on the Red Planet is spaced six inches apart, as is the law, our lawyers argued that the two girls should be buried together, and so A'zy'ary'ia and Harley's graves are a quarter of an inch apart, and they hold hands, even in death.

- The ship *Azalea*, flown by Anastasia Zarill, a Human captain, and Iny'essy'i Caly'io'pe, her wife and first officer, an Elytrian, was renamed the *Harley-Azaya* after **A'zy'ary'ia Ply'thy'e** and **Harley-Davis Kantor**. It flies mercy missions for uncovered child slavery rings.
 - We have gotten some complaints over the months about our "allowed association with the LGBTQ+ community". We put out a statement about it, but we, as archivers, would like to clarify that **LOVE IS LOVE**, and Harley and A'zy'ary'ia were not "just friends", nor should their love be remembered as such. They were two girls who didn't know what was coming, and then when they did, fought to the very end *for* that love.
-

Chapter End Notes

These letters were written by Juliet and I, Aria, by pretending to be Harley and Azaya. Harley was played by Juliet, who sat in a room, and I in the hallway, and we passed a notebook under the door and pretended to be a Feline and an Elytrian , respectively, in the world of Pogtopia, and wrote these letters (so yes, some of these words have real meaning between us two). I took these letters and tweaked them slightly, as well as changed the dates around—but for the most part it remains unchanged. My girlfriend says hello :)

Love is love <3

letter twelve

Chapter Summary

a letter from a nine-year-old Feline child during the Last Act of the Children's Rebellion

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Sender: Twi-lite Storime

Age (at time of writing): 9 years old

Age (arrival in Pogtopia): 7 years old

Age (at death): 9 years old

Origin: Feline

Pronouns: they/he

Gender: n/a

Manner of Death: Homicide

Recipient(s): N/A

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help me

the blood is warm

isnt it supposed 2 be inside?

my tummy hurts

ppl r screaming

i wanted to find a home

my head hurts

i dont understand

why im tired

maybe when im older

ill understand

why everything hurts

and everything is clear

all

at

once.

ARCHIVER'S NOTES:

- **Twilight Storm** was one of the 249 children killed during the Last Act of the Children's Rebellion (see *Alyssa Meadows*, *Ranboo Beh'lovid*, and *Gry'an E'xspl'cua*) and was found near Ellis Bo'chella (see *Letter Four*) in the easternmost mass grave of Pogtopia. Due to the number of children under ten, it is believed that **Twilight Storm** and Ellis Bo'chella were good friends from the holograms of recess that could be recovered.
 - **Twilight Storm's** note was on a piece of poster paper and written in their own blood from a wound in their stomach that they would bleed out from over a dozen minutes later.
 - When Twilight's fingerprints were scanned in hopes that any remaining family members could be found, none were in the system, and none have shown up since, despite the holding order that rescans for familial members be done bi-monthly.
 - **Twilight Storm's** story is included in the book *The Young Minds of Pogtopia* as well as *The Young and the Younger: The Red Planet's Genocide*.
-

Chapter End Notes

short and devastating, just like the Children's Rebellion

have a very merry christmas ya'll :) thanks for sticking around through this shortfic!

End Notes

here's my twitter! come follow me to see updates, sneak peeks, and life updates (I get into a lot of trouble. often.)

[twitter link here](#)

please remember to leave a kudos

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!